

The Mirror Go Machine 2: Lavender Skies: by Brittany Jean

The Machine razzle-dazzled up and down, starting with a town around Mount Shasta
There went a pop and then a rattle—now we're more than sorta lost in Alaska
On the road that we've been touring, just a week or three years in
High and dry without a Mondegreen bobbin
So we placed an order with a lonely haberdasher far from Grape Lake Huron
Tracking progress here only to hear it hasn't yet left Troutdale, Oregon
Could you hear me looking at you with my stormy, troubled eyes?
With a smile, you pointed up to the sky

And you said, "I cannot believe these lavender skies
What a beautiful day to be alive
Under lavender
Hello, lavender skies..."

A sumbarine—they agreed to bring the 'green to Ketchmeifyoukan, just down the coast
We hitched a ride with Montgomery McMalcolm to meet the motor power boat
There are too many people in this minivan of purple
Oh, I fear the trip will soon become immortal
Monty said, "It is a slight right to the left beyond those Bittersweets up ahead"
"Fleur de Lis" comes roundabout, wins chorus shouts of "change the station!" once again
The mourning moon outside my window, and I never did see why
Or how it leaped to the far side of goodbye

And I cannot believe these lavender skies
What a beautiful day to be alive
Under lavender
Hello, lavender skies

Reaching evening tide (the nick o' time) to wave farewell to friends and "Well done, Captain"
A bit haphazard but we're thankful for the help to mend our singular contraption
A precious bobbin now in place and the Mirror Go aglow
It is time to get the show back on the road

And I cannot believe these lavender skies
What a beautiful day to be alive
Oh, I cannot believe these lavender skies
What a beautiful day to be alive
Under lavender
Hello, lavender skies